Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVI. *Philadelphia, March 25, 1837.* *Whole No. 817.*

THE MAID OF DONAEBLAYNE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

"The dashing surges gently break,
The moon flames the watery plain,
The mother to the sea-side wander,
My lily-eyed maid of Donaeblayne.

"My soul disdains such humour let,
So seeded seems our former vows,
While warm with life, thy Malcolm's heart
Shall beat with ever-dying love.

"A captive at thy feet I've sigh'd,
Your sadness prest I've sued in vain;
Thou hast these arms an hostage held,
My lily-eyed maid of Donaeblayne."

The lovely maid downcaded slow,
And mid the waters wild to view
She felt her kindling bosom glow,
And thus to faith'ss accents sued—

"And must I pass the wild sea wave?
And must I quit a woman's home?
Must I, unaided seek, save
A sister's curse, a mother's woe?

"And shall I, mind'ring on the deep,
Gleneglen's deserted homage stain?
And leave no aged sire to weep
His hallow'd son and Donaeblayne?

"And will thou love me, gentle youth,
When these vow charms for ave are flown?
"Sweet maid, thou hear with love and truth
Shall I prove thee while I've one.

"Enough said, the words were loathed,
Each eye was clos'd in balmy rest,
To Mary's cot the bark was moor'd
And clasp'd the treasure to his breast.

The vessel swept the dimpled tide,
And bounded lightly o'er the main,
By Marion's hoar hill hung the gilded sail
A song taken to Donaeblayne.

The bower's, from his coral cave,
Raised the glad ocean nymph's cheer,
Proud Neptune's self, with joy did wave
Loud Malcolm and his lovely bride.

He seized up from his wife's whole,
He take the bliss of Heaven to be,
On whom God's wrath takes no note,
And heaven sigh'd the looking down.

Lord Malcolm saw the bearing wave,
Upon the shore he stood,
Then taking the shaded hair, and gave
To his adoring bosom to the deep.

Lord Malcolm's self the answer did not make to these
And sing the storm Marion sorry,
Then closed in death his misery's sky,
And struggling sank to rise no more.

The sorrowful maid in the morning beheld
The only object unspeakable,
The waves in motion always more beheld,
And straight the sea-side wander.

Eagle to Gleneagle's haughty seat,
He cursed Donaeblayne's bonnie Dame:
"The curse hand," he cried, "shall be
My vengeance for the deed."

He saw the wreck, he sought the strand,
Where breathless corse met his eye;
He knew the form, he knew the hand,
And closed the Master's sides on clay.

He cursed the sea-nymph's heavy sway,
Passing mark'd the doomed wave,
Then gave a signal to the sea,
And rush'd resolution to the grave.

With sober splendour o'er the sea,
When storms are hushed to rest,
Beneath the wave a lovely pair
Will Marion's sides in solemn state,
The shades of night around them fall,
Save silver chime the ocean wave.

Aug. 1836.

THE RUBBER-NASHIE.

OR, THE FORTY WELL.

Amongst the many old and time-hal romantic legends that are to be found in the Highlands of Scotland, some of the most poetical are those connected with sequestered or secluded wells, which are to be found in the deserted parts of the country, an attribute of which has been given the desecration of a spring by some unfortunate occurrence, which has rendered it the haunt of fairies, or the scene of some tragedy by the offended. And that the Highlanders are still superstitious in these matters, their confidence and prosperity, however altogether they may have sold out of the old feelings, sufficiently testify. I was a well which was said to be haunted by the unquiet ghosts of murdered children, and which was therefore avoided as by universal consent. Of this I had myself a curious proof in the following circumstance, which I shall relate as nearly as I can recollect, in the words of the person who related it to me.

I was a little surprised at the abruptness of his address, but still more at the peculiarity of the circumstance in which it was spoken. The scene was certainly picturesque enough, the evening was sunny and singularly beautiful, but there was nothing remarkable in the sight of the girls of the place harvest, waving under the final rays of the sun, or in the appearance of the young man who, gleaming in the golden and ruddy light, stood by the boy lying beside his goats within an arm's length of a remarkable well, and addressing the painter. It was as the spirit of the scene he was painting, and he accordingly started at the accumulation of a hundred of such strength having come so suddenly upon him.

As he said, "I throw for your honour," I felt a stronger wish to turn the heavy stone than consider and do as you would have me," he continued, pointing to a considerable looking lump, longer at a distance than it was in size and days and nights, too, there, since I was but four years old—more than that, I think, as Sally was land—and the fourth in the cabin—I was still, while the house that never did the poor body a blessing, is gone—let the Duke do as he mentions and more it.

I had remarked, from the humble reception I met with from the harbors of this room, having now exposed a thing not to be endured by the commissioners, the peasant suddenly produced a bottle of whisky, which he shouted concerned the fact they sacrificed very little with the rapid and luxuriant vegetation, which is the most distinguishing characteristic of the scenery. The prospect is bounded on the south by a mountainous range of blue and distant hills, while on the north it stretches away black and desolate to the horizon. The sun had ascended but a little way, and the mist was rising from the valley, and dissolving, by degrees, from the surface of the lake, which an individual wandered forth from the farm-house at a little mentioned.

"The water-fiend, Vich Ochlin? Ask on the Highlanders of the Highlands.

"Sally," he said at length, drawing her down and turning to the cabin, "I don't like the lassie you; it'll be a long day. Sure I'm back in Derrydrain, and, God forgive us, and at parties, it's hard to think, indeed, what might happen after that.

"It will be a long day, sure enough," said Sally, "and I doubt, Johnny, indeed, it will be a sorrowful day for some, for it's a person I have, that when friends like us part, they never meet as happy and free-hearted again.

"Truth, I don't know but you're right," said Johnny; "and was I wanted, if it was the lady would God, but I was back with you, acushla—and a most natural wish it was, for as her large and even were fixed sadly on hers, and her rich brown hair scattered about her face, he thought he had never seen so beauty in those eyes, or in that countenance before. They were a bigger part, with all their sorrow, as they stood together on that summer's morning, in the embrace more of an entire and mutual love. But Johnny could not continue long under the influence of painful apprehensions, the situation to which Sally might possibly be reduced, by her father's practices, during his absence; while there was another subject which occasioned him still greater uneasiness, and to which, after much hesitation, he alluded.

"The auld man tell me, he said, "that Mr M'Callum, is become mighty friendly with him of late."

"Johnny," said the girl, hastily, "God forgive me if I wrong the man; but I never could, and though I say it, there isn't a woman in the parish that has a better right to know it, for if he sees any thing wrong, he'll warn you; and I'm sure, Johnny, that he has been a friend to us, when, but for him, I could, Mr M'Callum.

He was evident the answer did not suit to feed on this subject.

"Well, I was a-sure, Johnny, he's a good man M'Callum, and when he turned to of the business, he could be a friend to us all, and he has been one. Mr M'Callum, said he, "I'm a-sure you're a good man, and I'm a-sure you're a good man, and I'm a-sure you're a good man, and

Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 25, 1827.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The translation from Horace will be published, if the writer will favour us with his name.

"Anthrax" will meet attention.

Toe lines on "Hope" will appear.

"Vivian" we recommend to the perusal of an ingenuous tome, entitled "Dilworth's Spelling Book."

"Clara," "J. P. S.," "Horton" "M." and "Salvator" are received.

"Monte" is under consideration.

We do not advance the verification of the translation furnished us, by SENEX. The lesson is, for our present, will nevertheless render it unnecessary to our readers. To its second request, he has only accentuated our attention.

E. H. must excuse us. We have no disposition to enter again into the controversy his *pungent* article would excite. The verses are good, though his opponents would not admire his *new lines*.

Death of the Hon. Frances J. Harper.—We regret to learn the death of the Hon. Francis J. Harper, member of Congress for the 3d District of Pennsylvania. Mr. Harper died on Saturday morning at his residence in Frankford. He was elected in October last, to the term which commenced on the 4th of the present month, and would have entered upon the duties to which he was called by his fellow citizens, at the next session of the National Legislature, had not his earthly career been suddenly closed in the very prime of life.

Mr. Harper was in his thirty-eighth year. He was first elected, we believe, to the Legislature in 1820, being the only one of the democratic county ticket who was carried at that time. He was subsequently elected by the State Senate, in which body he served two years; and in October 1826 was chosen a member of the Twenty-Fifth Congress.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Russian Steamers, Freed.—Our readers will remember that in the early part of the past winter, the ring-bolt in H. Hodgdon was cut through with the ice, while she was outward bound. This accident happened in the immediate vicinity of the Point Houses. The vessel soon sunk with her valuable cargo. She was permitted to remain under water until very recently, when she was raised, by means of heavy screws and other machinery. The vessel arrived at our wharves on Monday 20th inst. Her cargo is greatly damaged, but barrels are entertained that a considerable portion of it will be saved.—*Inquirer.*

Horrible Murder Revealed.—We learn from respectable intelligence, that the mails from Louisville, Ky. for Philadelphia and all towns to the eastward, since the 1st inst. have all been plundered, the letters taken, opened, and such of value cut out, as contained money about the 5th. Many valuable letters have been found in the bed of the steamer Benjamin Franklin, running from Louisville to Cincinnati, the mate of which craft has been arrested, and upon whose person a large sum of money was found. The mail between these places met a similar fate. A large package of the last mail from Philadelphia to Cincinnati, was found, from the post-master at Cincinnati. The robbery alone committed, is now supposed to be confined to the Louisville mail; but they are very strongly suspected.—*United. Gaz.*

Counterfeit Coin.—An indictment for a counterfeit, "as true copper and brother pattern," on the 4th of January last, was found by the Grand Inquest of Philadelphia County, in Court, against Mr. Mitchell, Frederic, G. Boob, Sam. Hart, and some other persons whose names are unknown. Mitchell was arrested on the 6th inst. and committed to prison. The others have not been apprehended. The trial was to have come on in the Court of Common Pleas last week. From the Pittsburgh Gazette, we learn that the indictment was removed to that county on Monday evening, and on Monday morning the trial was to come on. The jury were to be summoned from the body of the county, and not from the city, as in this county. The latter mode is considered by the counsel for the defendant as very unfair.—*United. Gaz.*

A subscription is made for a new Episcopal church in which seats are to be rented.—*Monday Herald.*

Black geese.—*Herald of Liberty.*—*Canine Rarity.*—A correspondent of the New York American states that

> "The Canada geese, which are found in the New York and Jerusalem, and the vicinity of Williamsburg and Jersey city, have become so numerous as to be considered a nuisance. They are of a jet black, and have a white head and neck. They are very fat, and are considered a delicate dish. Many families have been found on the bank of the steamer Benjamin Franklin, running from Louisville to Cincinnati, the mate of which craft has been arrested, and upon whose person a large sum of money was found. The mail between these places met a similar fate. A large package of the last mail from Philadelphia to Cincinnati, was found, from the post-master at Cincinnati. The robbery alone committed, is now supposed to be confined to the Louisville mail; but they are very strongly suspected.—*United. Gaz.*

> "Mr. Barbour Taylor who resides near the Bowery, has a dog of the Newfoundland breed, which is remarkable for its sagacity. The dog is the property of Mr. Taylor's son, a boy of about 12 years of age, who frequently amuses himself by sending the dog to the post office for letters. The dog has been frequently sent for letters, and has always returned with them. A few days since, the boy wrote a letter to his father, and sent the dog to the post office for it. The dog returned with the letter, but on arriving at the house, he refused to give it up to the boy, and carried it to the door of Mr. Taylor's counting room, where he scratched and barked until admitted. He then laid the letter on the floor, and looked at his master, as much as to say, 'I have done my duty, and now you may do yours.'"

New Orleans, July 28.—Facts in relation to the yellow fever are rather multiplied and the mortality is increasing. Almost every day we hear of the death of some one of our fellow citizens. Dr. Harris, Dr. Barton, Dr. Brickell, Dr. Hunt, Dr. Hurtle, Dr. Lewis, Dr. Mercier, Dr. Peyton, Dr. Rogers, Dr. Stone, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Wood, Dr. Wright, Dr. Wilkinson

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, March 25, 1837.

The name of John Sanderson was inserted in our list of assessors through mistake of the editor.

CITIZEN'S BALL.

The annual Ball, for the Benefit of the Association for the relief of disabled Firemen, will take place on the 30th inst. at one of the uptown theatres. We learn that the managers will commendable liberality, have made suitable arrangements, to give all classes of our citizens an opportunity of participating in this interesting charity. We trust that every one of our readers will, at a trifling expense, according to his means, lend his aid to this praiseworthy object.

A carpenters shop in the neighborhood of Schuylkill Fifth and Vine streets, was consumed by fire, on Sunday morning last, about three o'clock. The fire is supposed to have originated from the ram falling on a barrel of lime that was in the building.

We fear that the protest of Messrs. Ogdens are but the commencement of the beginning.

The Bank of Huntsville, (Ala.) has entered into a contract with the Treasury Department at Washington, for a loan of 500,000, on the credit of the State.

A meeting of the citizens of Bethlehem Centre county, Penn. has been held for the purpose of taking measures for the suppression of gambling, horse racing, &c. in that vicinity.

The Camden and Amboy Rail Road Company, under the authority of an act of the Legislature of New Jersey, have increased the price for day passengers from Philadelphia to New York, from three to $4 and for passengers in the night lines to $5.

THE "FAR WEST."

A friend has just sent us a No. of the Fox River Visiter, published at Wisconsin—where that is to be a bustling business place, in the all labor of successful experiments. Our correspondent, in answer to a friend's letter, describes locations and banishment from the excitement, says "I had the pleasure of attending a party at Governor Dodge's, where I found the ladies of all the prominent families assembled at each other's houses, and the presence of our worthy governor's accomplished daughters, and such a host of beauty and fashion, that I really doubted the existence of such a place, which was heightened by astonishment on entering the hall room, and recollected that the spot where it stood was the residence of the Sacs, Foxes and Winnebagoes, celebrated Black Hawk had resided in a part of the soil, and constituted part of an island by a chain, only six months ago."

Another correspondent is confident he shall realize more than double the amount of his capital the first harvest offering, for I had not been in the country two months before I was convinced that more was to be made by farming than by any other business, especially in this country, where the land is so cheap, and the climate so favorable to the growth of every production of the soil, which, although it is a certain fact that Louisiana is the best sugar country in the world, which, although it is a certain fact that Louisiana is the best sugar country in the world, which, although it is a certain fact that Louisiana is the best sugar country in the world

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

A MILLINER'S CARD.

When lovely woman longs to marry,
And snatch a victim from the street,
What charms the well-dress'd milliner's carry!
What art will make the men propose!
The city, for, her schemes to cover,
To give her wishes sure success,
Is gain, to be, a square lover,
And "swing his bonnet," in a dress.

MISS BEFORE TEENS.

Momma, will you please to spread
A little sugar on my bread,
And Mamma, dearest, if you please,
To cut a little bit of cheese,
I am a very little boy,
Never head a slice so nice will it,
I'm grown too large now to be eating,
To-morrow, sir, myself I be cutting!

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

"*Twas in the merry Christmas time,*
Come, on to harness, and to work to me
For he'll try to peep, I know—
There, now the handkerchief's tied weight,
And pray, sir, tell us board bright?
If you can see the least bit of light?

Well, then—turn round, and go.

And now, you must run for him who is player,
Off! off to the corners all!
You, Ann, you under the table squeeze!
He'll never look there—and you're to me
When out of the way—she! Pa must be seen!
Take care, my good fellow—you'll fall.

How quiet he stalks—like a stupid lout!
Do Emily, pull his hair—
No, no—let me—for you're so rough—
O, Well! how could you guess such a ruff!
Ah—now he has one of you for enough—
Fie, sir, who have you there?

"Elizabeth"—no and no—you're wrong—
Let go—and try it again!
Now Charles, I declare it—and help claps—
This way, sir—here we are all in a heap!
Don't he look like a Cupid? how mind the song
Of Cupid no sight for sore eyes!

Poor fellow! he pants to get out of the way!
I thought he was charming blind!
Don't he, dear Charles? that's not fair play!
Never mind, my boy, for that you'll pay!
Don't speak so loud you girls, I say!

Now, Edward, that's very unkind!
He mustn't be almost told on me!
I'll tell you what, Ma!
"For a minute or two, a sudden fear
The e was scarcely room for a ghost to play near,
And you know, for a wonder, a noise we can,
I never'll be caught—I know—at last,
"Well—that's for us to see by-by!!!

The Captain and the Ambassador.—An ambulator is told of a captain in the British service, since dead, that would tarrying out a British Ambassador to his station abroad; a quarrel arose on the subject of precedency. High words were exchanged between them on the quarter deck, when at length, the noble sailor, thinking to silence the Captain, exclaimed, "Recollect Sir, I am the representative of his Majesty's Person here" replied the captain, "recollect that here I am more than majesty itself. Can I bring order a fellow, for him up, and give him three cheers." Further argument was useless, the diplomatist struck.

Stealing a Prize.—A few days since, a youthful, unwise and immoral member of a gay, would-a habergdasher's shop in this city, and, proceeding to the counter, asked with the usual vulgar pronunciation of the district to which she belonged—"Have you any Wales, hare are they?" that would shock a young parson." The fair shopkeeper, thus interpreted, looked exceedingly puzzled; she thought, at first, that the country was had overtaken the establishment for a gentleman's cloak, and that an extensive stock was wanted on the occasion. However, as explanation was speedily advanced, when it appeared that the "rural fair" was not to ask for some article that would suit a young person.—*Baltimore Journal.*

A French gentleman in the room of Lord Nay was remarking that Frenchmen and Englishmen were much alike in many respects, "Yes," replied the Englishman, "we are both fond of eating and drinking." "Ah," said the Frenchman, "I see you are a philosopher, you have discovered the two principal ends of existence."

A soldier was stationed at a post with three men in charge of him, and, being tired of his guard, wrote was Boston. In the course of the night one was approached and he ordered to stop.

"A friend," was the answer.

"Advance friend and give us the countersign."

"Boston," was the answer.

"Boston be hanged," said the soldier, handing up the bayonet of Bunker's day.

Dr. Franklin, when a printer's apprentice, was in the habit of "setting up" his own articles in the case, and working them off at the press. One morning he was missed from the office, and after a search of a whole day, from his employer, he was found in bed, where he had been confined by sickness. The master, on learning the nature of the malady, exclaimed, "Ah, Ben, I see you have been working too hard, and have got the *stick-in-the-back*."

A sailor, who was in the habit of "taking a drop too much," was one day brought before the magistrate, charged with being drunk and disorderly. "Well, my man," said the magistrate, "what have you to say for yourself?" "Why, your worship," replied the sailor, "I was only taking a glass with a friend, and I suppose I took a drop too much." "Ah," said the magistrate, "I am afraid you are in the habit of taking a drop too much." "Why, your worship," replied the sailor, "I am a sailor, and I am afraid I am in the habit of taking a drop too much sometimes, but I am never in the habit of taking a drop too much when I am on board my own ship."

A Scotch Highlander, who had been long in the habit of "taking a dram," was one day brought before a magistrate, charged with being drunk and disorderly. "Well, my man," said the magistrate, "what have you to say for yourself?" "Why, your worship," replied the Highlander, "I was only taking a dram with a friend, and I suppose I took a drop too much." "Ah," said the magistrate, "I am afraid you are in the habit of taking a drop too much." "Why, your worship," replied the Highlander, "I am a Highlander